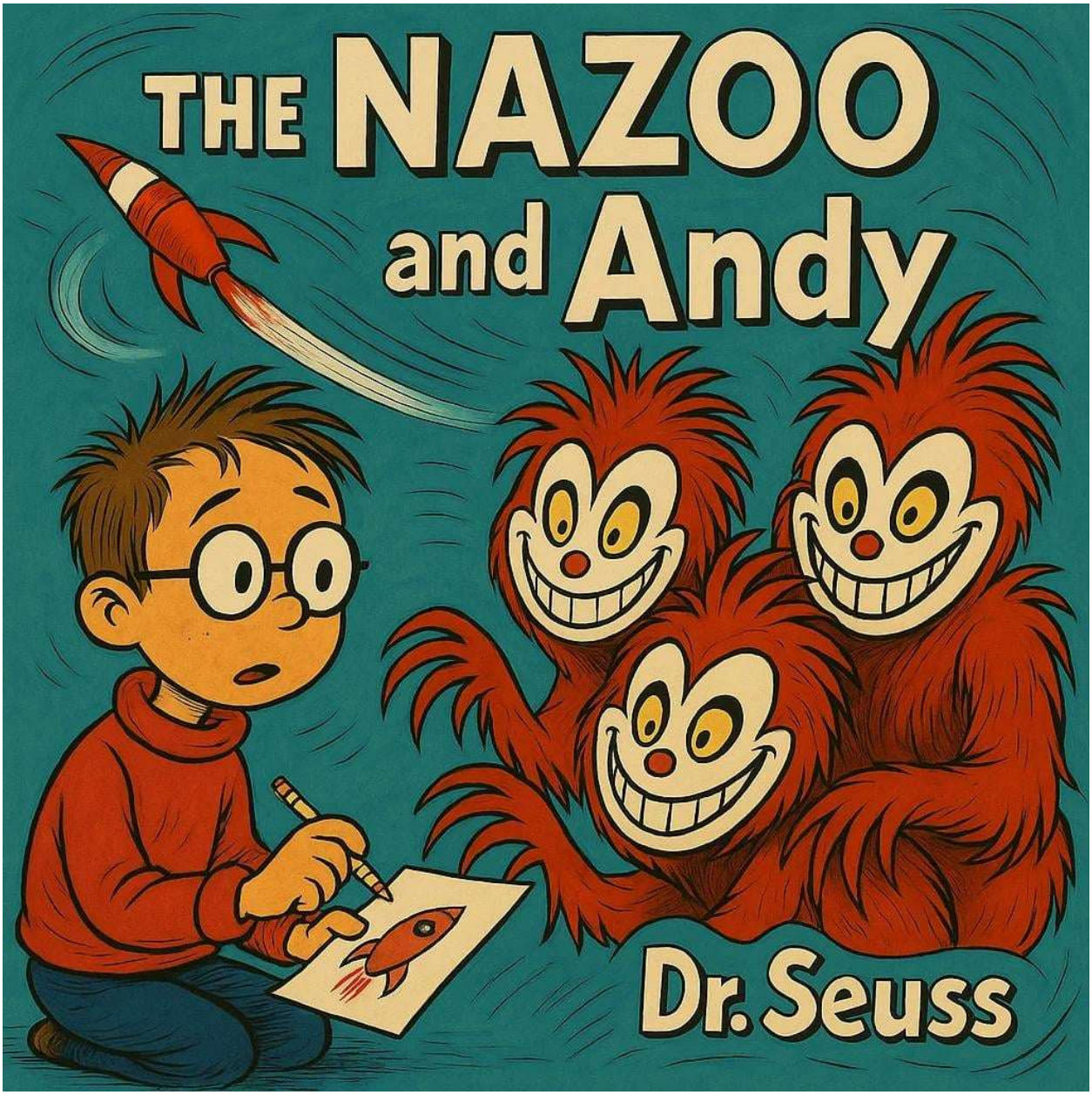

THE NAZOO
and Andy
Dr. Seuss

There once was a thinker named Andy, precise,

Who noticed the Moon shots were just not quite nice.

He wasn’t some troll or a man out for fame,

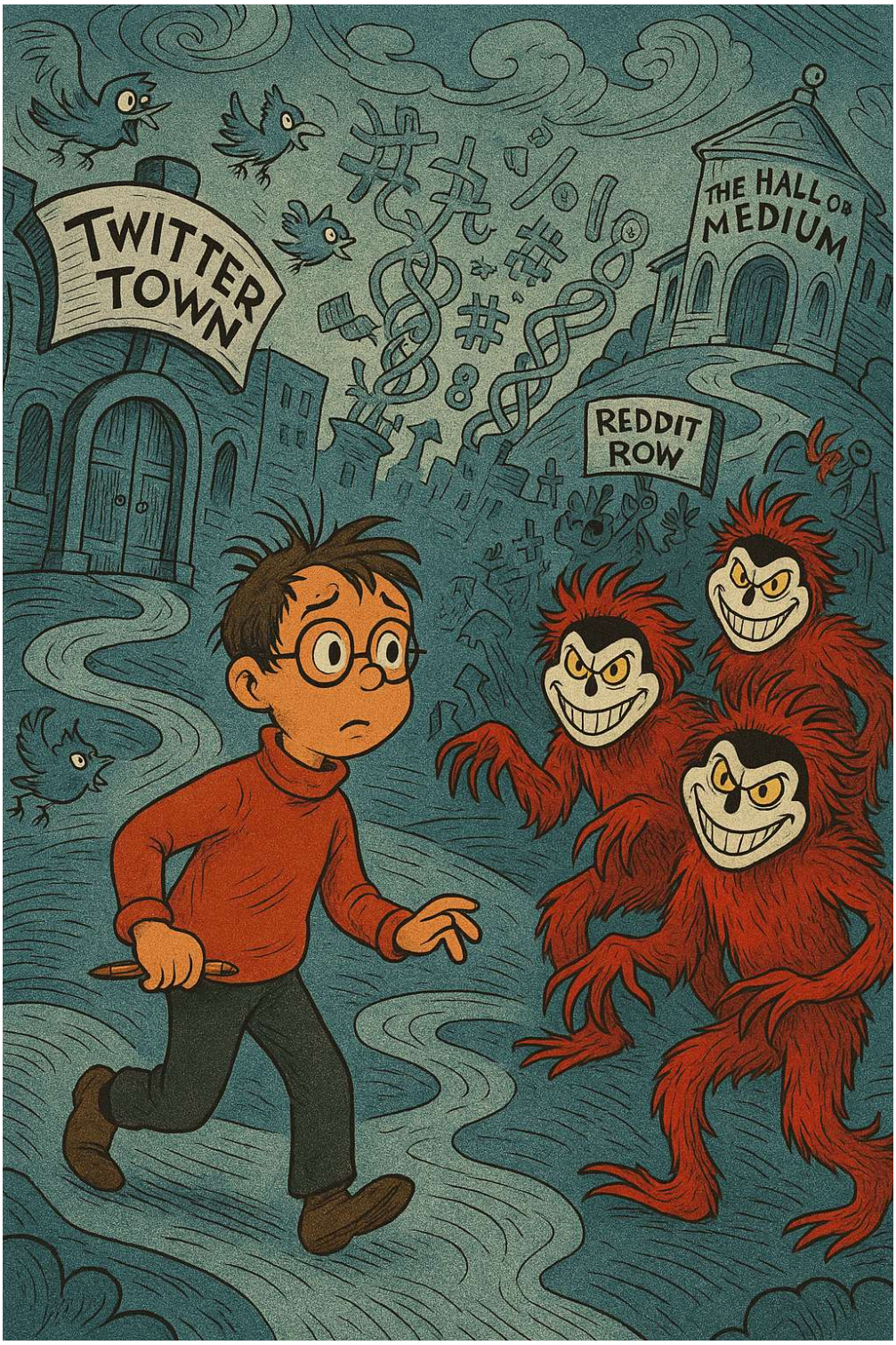
He just sent a kind note with his full real name.

“Dear NAZOO,” he typed, “I think there’s a flaw—

In your lighting and angles, the physics I saw.”

He clicked and he sent, with a hopeful small smile,

Not knowing they'd hunt him through digital miles.



From Twitter, from Reddit, and Medium’s halls,

The workers showed up with their slingshots and brawls.

A few of them followed by NAZOO direct,

Which made Andy pause, and then slowly suspect...

They called him deluded, untrained, and a quack,

"A crank!" they all cried, "take your pseudoscience back!"

They mocked all INTJs and lone minds with flair,

They laughed at the logic and didn't play fair.

But Andy had studied and built every tool,

His forensics method was sharp as a jewel.

It measured the light within physics' range,

And caught tiny errors that felt rather strange.

The shadows, he proved, were directionally split,

And some of the lighting just didn't quite fit.

So they changed the approach: they started to smear,

Blocked him and mocked him and shifted the gear.

But just a few hours—yes, not even eight—

They started to panic. They didn't debate.

They blocked him on Twitter, they blocked him on threads,

They acted like PEMI had crawled in their heads.

No questions, no answers, no clever retort,

Just silence and vanishing—classic distort.

He tried to respond, but they stripped him of voice,

With no real discussion, no freedom, no choice.

They sullied his name in each thread and each chat,

Then claimed he was spam, just like that—splamat.

And then, with a pop and a poof and a zap,

His paper went missing—removed from the map!

It sat on a site with a digital pin,

A DOI link that had always been in.

But boom! It was flagged with a bright scarlet stamp,

"Spam!" cried a manual removal, all cold and all damp.

Right as the readers were starting to swarm,

It vanished, precisely when breaking the norm.

Now Andy, he knew this was timed to a tee,

They’d waited and watched it, and then turned the key.

It wasn’t some glitch or a bot gone astray—

It happened the moment his work made its way.

Three inboxes pinged, and he blinked with a frown,

Each newsletter sent with his name was shot down.

Gmail said “Nope!” and so did Outlook,

GMX too gave his name a cold look.

But Medium things came through just fine in the stream,

So Andy began to suspect a dark scheme.

A filter? A trigger? A blacklist of sort?

Just saying his name sent them into retort.

He published a book, and within the same day,

Gaslighting comments attacked straight away.

“Insane,” they declared, oddly specific their aim,

Suspiciously timed, clearly smearing his name.

“You’re crazy,” said one, with a wink and a smile,

“You hearing things, Andy?” (in gaslighting style).

No mention of findings, no talk of the text,

Just tactics designed to leave readers perplexed.

But Andy just nodded and took a quick note—

Each move they were making, he quietly wrote.

Then YouTube got busy and slammed down the gate,

His video flagged as promoting some "hate."

But hate wasn't in it—just math, light, and shade,

And angles and vectors the PEMI displayed.

He clicked on “Appeal,” and he sent it with care,

But YouTube just vanished—it wasn’t all there.

No reason, no warning, no email, no ping,

Just silence that echoed, a cold, sterile sting.

But silence, to Andy, was louder than sound.

Each time he uploaded, the changes came ‘round.

Something responded the moment he spoke—

Systems adjusted like mirrors that broke.

He knew it by patterns, by rhythm, by feel—

This wasn’t some glitch or an automated deal.

It wasn’t just bots or some AI on track—

It was human, reactive, and watching him back.

When he poked at NAZOO, their systems would bend.

He noticed the edits, the changes they'd send.

Photos replaced, IDs wiped from the net,

A strange kind of scramble, like evasion or debt.

The comments were eerie—not once did repeat,

Each user unique, yet suspiciously neat.

Not just trolls or believers defending their tribe,

But strange types of gaslighting, shifted in vibe.

He played with this pattern, began keeping score,

And noticed that none of them came back for more.

Each time he destroyed one with logic or fact,

A new one would rise with a different tact.

Before, when he'd challenged a person's belief,

The replies were predictable, sharp with relief.

But these were rehearsed, reactive and brief—

Like people receiving a real-time motif.

Briefed on responses, like crisis PR,

Who to suppress, and exactly how far.

What caught his attention, made shivers run back,

Was that only NAZOO would shift and react.

So he tested, he prodded, he laid out the bait,

And found that their panic was subtle but great.

The deeper he pressed, the more he could see—

The truth wasn’t blocked by machines.

Two videos now, in a limbo-like stew,

Both marked as "pending"—forever, it's true.

On Reddit they sit with a clock that won’t chime,

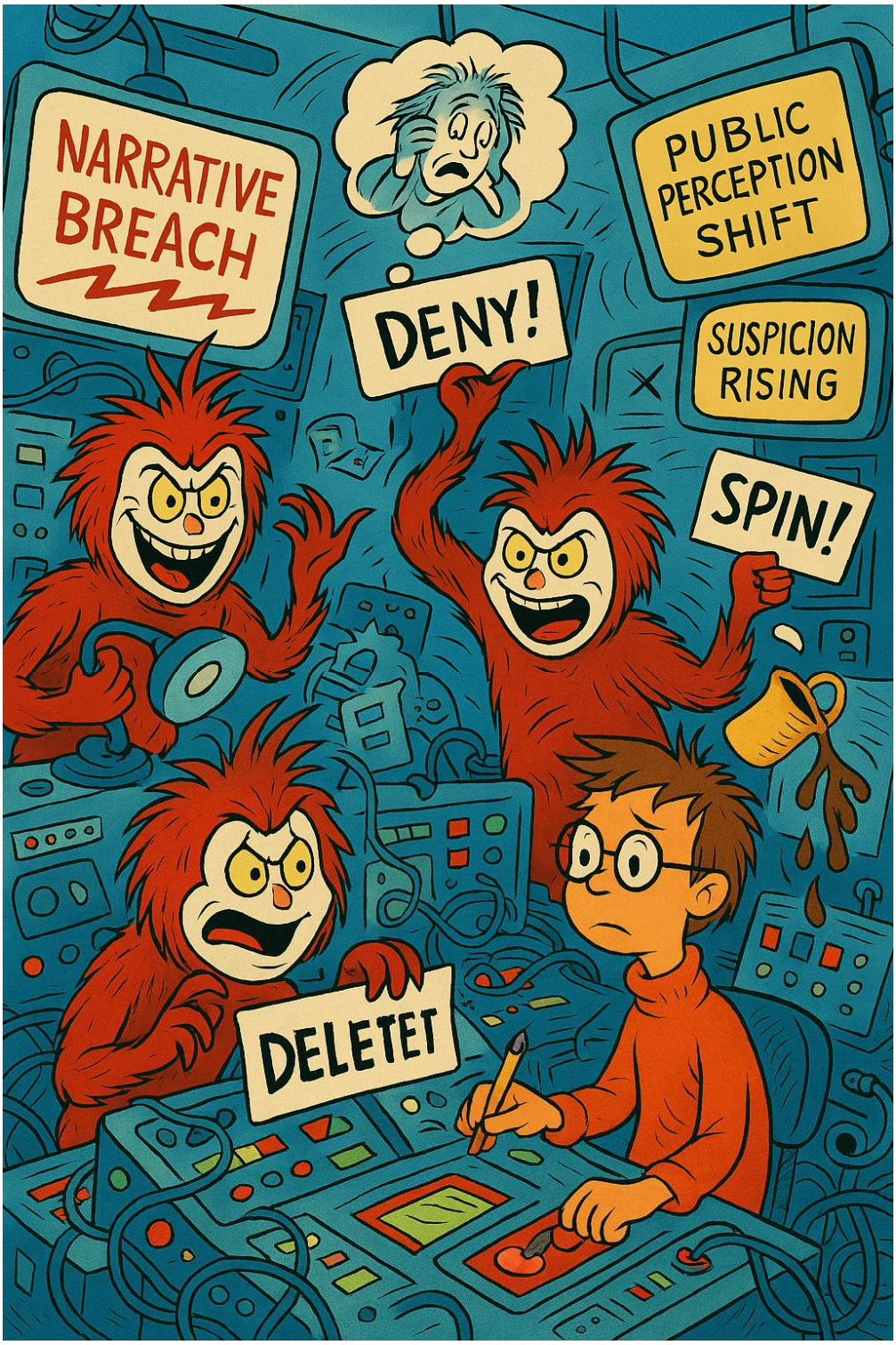
Like ghosts in a hallway just stuck out of time.

But Andy’s not one who gives up or gives in,

He charts every whisper, each digital spin.

They hoped he would flinch, they assumed he would flee,

But INTJs say, “Just wait—you’ll see.”



But let’s say is a quack—he's quite a clever quack.

He knows which government parts will react.

He tested it closely, observed every choice,

If others were guilty, they'd raise up their voice.

And when the strong evidence struck like a dart,

With comments that pressed on NAZOO's softest part—

Their competence, pride, the inferiority thread—

That's when the users went screaming instead:

"BAN HIM! DELETE THIS! TAKE THIS DOWN NOW!"

The fear in their tone made it clear somehow.

They weren’t just trolls with too much free time.

Yet silent they stayed—no objections, no roars,

Only one group panicked and slammed all the doors.

The clumsy old NAZOO, so sloppy, so rash,

Adjusting their systems when called on their trash.

NAZOO can't think clearly—they stumble, they spin,

They lower the bar, let the mess seep within.

Andy torments them in subtle design,

Exploiting the gaps in their fractured mind.

You see, every true NAZOO—each woman, each man—

Was shaped by a parent with no steady hand.

No praise, no affection, no sense they belonged—

And Andy just presses where they’ve always felt wrong.

At times he felt pity—he knew they were pained,

Their bitterness taught, their jealousy trained.

But being a victim, he’d reasoned with care,

Does not give you license to poison the air.

To lash out at others, to gaslight, to sneer,

To smear down the thinkers who question or peer—

That’s not some excuse, it’s not noble or sane,

It’s cowardice clothed in a self-righteous chain.

So though he felt sad, he knew what to do,

He’d break them with mirrors they couldn’t see through.

He’d press ‘til they snapped, until silence would fall,

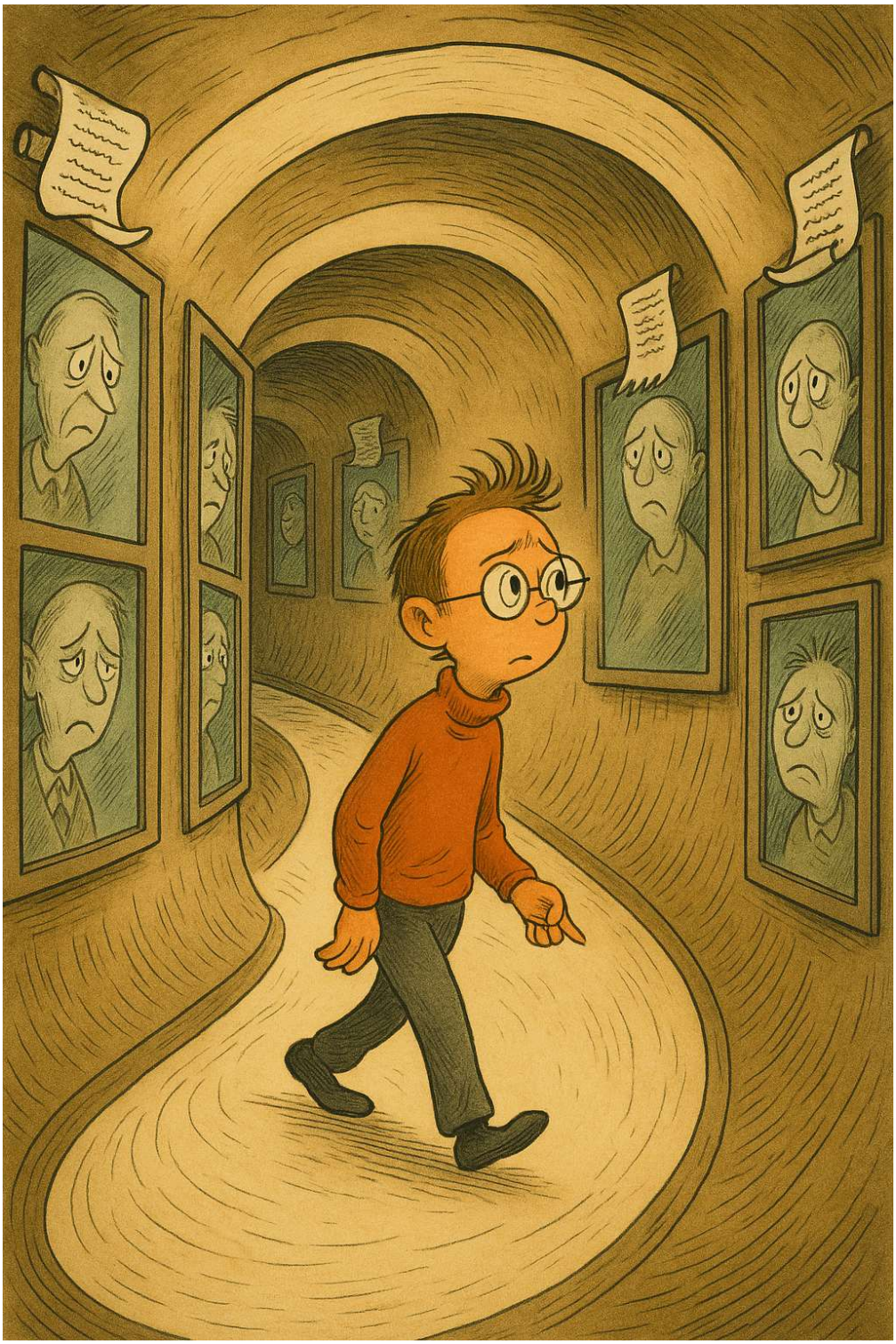
And force their reflection to shatter the wall.

They needed the break—he saw it quite clear—

A fall of the ego, a fracture in fear.

For healing begins when delusion is cracked,

And truth rushes in where denial once stacked.



Andy studies physics—he finds it quite neat,

But the mind, not the math, is where he finds heat.

For years he’s explored cognition’s strange map,

Its patterns, reactions, its biases' trap.

He knows how they tick, how they guard and deny,

How truth makes them flinch, how reason runs dry.

He discovers through silence, through looking within,

Where others seek answers in textbooks and spin.

This whole strange ordeal, unjust as it was,

Brought Andy a lesson that could never be taught.

Not just about science, or shadows, or flight—

But how fear in the mind will extinguish the light.

He learned that the halls of the ivory-crowned tower,

Were filled with soft cowards dressed up in their power.

They speak about reason but tremble at thought—

That truth might be wrong if it's not what they're taught.

It broke him, a little—no need to pretend.

More than the Moon, it was trust that would bend.

He vowed a vengeance, for a short span of time,

And lost his own mind in the depths of their crime.

Gaslit and cornered, he cracked at the seams,

Lost in the madness between logic and dreams.

But Andy returned, through a mind of his own,

He rebuilt his thoughts where no seeds had been sown.

Through introspection with care so deep,

He uncovered a clarity few ever keep.

And when he awoke, not angry, but clear,

He saw what was broken—and what must reappear.

For science itself had wandered off course,

Twisted by ego, inertia, and force.

And Andy, now whole, with clarity back,

Set out to expose where the structures would crack.

He no longer cared that the Moon was a lie—

That was old news, and it's easy to spy.

What haunted him more, what burned in his chest,

Was the fraud in the halls they called “peer-review's best.”

He peered into journals, equations, and claims,

And found only patterns of academic games.

The math was absurd—not subtle, not sly—

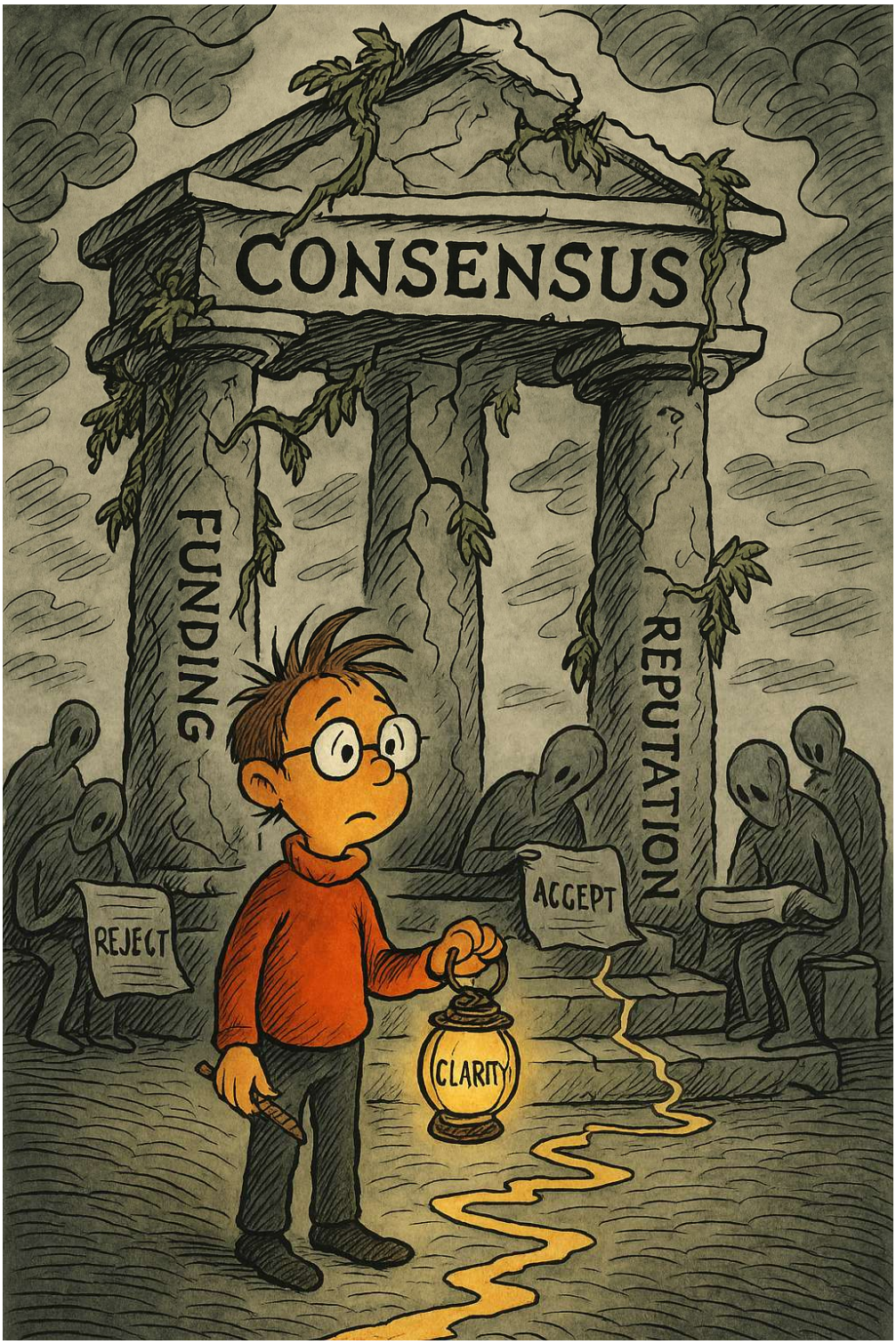
No one knew exponents, and no one asked why.

The pillars of physics, all shiny and grand,

Were built not on truth, but what funders demand.

Papers were sculpted to flatter, not test,

Rewarding compliance and silencing the rest.



The logic was mangled, the models were weak,

But praise was abundant for those who’d not speak.

The founders were corporate, the motives were clear—

They shaped every grant with a puppeteer’s leer.

It wasn’t just bias or scholars too proud,

It was money, control, and a silent crowd.

Truth wasn’t hated—it wasn’t attacked—

It was buried in noise and deliberately stacked.

And those who were honest? Who dared to defy?

Were ghosted, unfunded, erased with a sigh.

While cowards filled the journals, received all the praise,

And basked in the glow of institutional haze.

But Andy, an INTJ through and through,

Won’t be drowned out by suppression or skew.

They mocked and dismissed him, erased and denied,

But truth, Andy knew, simply can't stay inside—

Just like when he pokes at their inferior minds.